



"Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man."  
SHALL WE HAVE A STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY?

That the agricultural prosperity of Maine has been greatly cherished and enhanced by the influence of the several County Agricultural Societies, notwithstanding their somewhat isolated action, no one, who has watched the progress of this cause for the last twenty-five years, can deny.

In no year since the first passage of the law endowing such societies in 1832, have there been so many and so good exhibitions as have been held this fall. A very marked improvement has been manifested in the cattle and other stock exhibited—in the excellence and variety of field and garden products, but also which is very encouraging, in the increased confidence in themselves and the importance and respectability of their position in social and business life. They realize that their calling is both honorable and profitable, and feel a growing desire to honor and dignify their calling by zealously cultivating both their soils and their minds, and becoming more united as to their respective associations.

A call is made in many sections of the State for the organization of a State Agricultural Society.

We think the time has arrived for the formation of such a Society, and that our Legislature should incorporate and endow one. One great obstacle heretofore in the way will be obviated soon, and that is the want of cheap and rapid conveyance from different sections of the State. By January next, or by next spring at farthest, the completion of several Railroad lines will give this conveyance over three-fourths of the State at least.

Eighteen States in the Union now have in addition to their several county societies, a well organized State Society. These societies are well patronized, and not one of the States which now has such a society, would have it abolished on any account.

Some action should be had in regard to this before the Legislature meets. Let the question be freely discussed in the papers of the State, and let the trustees of the several County Societies consult with their members, and ascertain their views in regard to it, and report accordingly.

### GARRET CAN BE CURED.

It has been ascertained that Hydrate of Potash will cure the worst cases of this disease. Twelve grains, dissolved in a table spoonful of water, may be given at a dose; and three doses given each day till the cure is perfected. Three or four weeks are usually sufficient for the purpose. If it is inconvenient to give a dose at long intervals, the morning and night doses contain eighteen grains each; though three or two grains each are probably better.

The matter is very easily managed. Get at an Apothecary's store an ounce and a half of the medicine, which at 440 grains the ounce will contain 660 grains. This will make fifty-five doses of twelve grains each. Put the whole in a glass bottle of sufficient capacity, with fifty-five table spoonfuls of cold water. Shake briskly, and let it be thoroughly dissolved in a few moments; and every table spoonful will contain the requisite quantity of twelve grains. Wet a little Indian meal or shorts with water enough to make a stiff paste and stir in the dose.

The above remedy was substantially communicated not long since to the New England Farmer by the gentleman who discovered it, and who had tried it in repeated instances with uniform success.

Hydrate of potash is much used by physicians, and is well known to act directly upon the mammary vessels.

This remedy, for the odious disease of garget, ought to be universally known, as it might be the means of saving, annually, many valuable animals. The best cows—those giving the richest milk, and the greatest quantity of the same are oftenest attacked.

The Rev. Daniel C. Weston, of this city, to whom we are permitted to refer, has recently tried this method of cure with entire success. He has a valuable cow that was badly attacked with garget soon after calving last spring. One of the hinder quarters of the bag was caked and inflamed that, though ordinarily perfectly gentle, she would kick at the least motion to touch it. The milk was of a reddish color, and left in the pan a bloody sediment. No portion of the milk can be relied on, as the milk from those teats that gave no external marks of disease, left in the pan a bloody deposit.

Every remedy, known to the wisecracks heretofore, was faithfully tried without effect. Garget root, salt petre, glaucous salts, sulphur, given in the most approved quantities, (to say nothing of various outward applications,) each and all absolutely failed to afford any relief. There was every probability that the cow was ruined, and Mr. Weston was strongly advised to give her up and fat her for the butcher.

At this point a copy of the New England Farmer, containing the above recipe, was put into his hands by a friend and he immediately proceeded to test its qualities. When he began to give it, half the bag was almost a solid cake. In three or four days the bag began to soften. In seven days there was a decided improvement. In two weeks there was no bloody sediment in the milk. In three weeks the cake had entirely left the hinder quarter, and in the forward quarter was about the size of a pullet's egg. In this quarter the disease made its final stand, and showed some obstinacy. But it was fairly cured, and in a week or two more eradicated.

ated the premises altogether, after having held villanous and undisturbed away for more than three months. The cow, at this present writing, Nov. 1, is in fine order and condition, and gives eight quarts per day of very rich and pure milk. The quantity of medicine used by Mr. Weston in this case was two ounces and a half.

### COMPOST MANURE.

The great value of compost manure consists in being compounded of a variety of materials in such a state of decomposition as to be readily soluble in the moisture of soil, and thus rendered nourishing to crops.

The great art of making compost consists in bringing a mixture of animal and vegetable materials into this decomposed state, without loss of its soluble matter and without wasting any of its gases. Hence care should be taken to preserve them both. When decomposition or rotting commences, fluids are sometimes formed and these should be retained by the addition of something that will absorb and retain them until applied to the crops. Gases are also liberated, such as carbonic acid gas which contains a large portion of carbon, a very essential ingredient of the woody part of plants. Also nitrogen and hydrogen, which, when united, form ammonia, and in this combination it is a valuable substance of nutrition to crops.

Compost heaps are in fact a chemical laboratory in which all these conditions are required, and all these changes brought about. They may, therefore, be made up of any thing that will decompose.

The famous Roman method of manufacturing manure or compost, consisted in collecting a large amount of dry vegetable matter, such as straw, canes, &c., moistening them, and then adding every day or two a drenching of liquid, saturated with animal excrement in a putrescent state, and also adding occasionally plaster of paris or some other material which would absorb or hold on to the ammonia and other gases which arise during the process of decomposition.

A little chemical knowledge in regard to the nature of the material used, will be of great service in guiding one in regard to what should be added to it in order to change its character so as to hasten the action required. A young lad, while shovelling muck, this summer, inquired of his father why his shovel rusted so much quicker while shovelling this than it did while shovelling manure, which was equally as moist.

Here was a chemical fact observed by the boy, the cause of which he could not explain, and he applied to his father for more light. His father told him that it was undoubtedly owing to some acid matter in the muck, and that this acid matter must be got rid of, or its character changed, before the muck would come into a condition to be dissolved, or its material fit to become food for his crops. To do this he intended to put what ashes he could get into the heap, the potash of the ashes would combine with this acid matter, and the vegetable matter of the muck would then soon be decomposed and rendered fit for use. If he could not get ashes he should use lime, which would do it, though more slowly than the ashes would.

We have known a very valuable compost made, by having a vat on wheels set near the sink upon at the back door, into which the dish water and all the waste fluids of the kitchen and chambers were thrown, and, when fully saturated, hauled off and a fresh supply placed in its stead, to be also saturated in the same way.

The observing and enquiring farmer will find materials enough around him, to keep up raw material for his compost factory all the time, and a little study and application of the knowledge thus gained, will easily direct him in his labors successfully.

### HIDE FLESHING AS A MANURE.

Animal manure is not appreciated according to its merits. Those who have tested it pronounce it superior to stable manure. Last year I buried at the foot of some grape vines, a quantity of fleshings of hides—which I obtained at a tannery—causing them to grow amazingly; far more than I had anticipated. They did not yield any fruit in consequence of their being lately set out. I also mixed some of the fleshings in the mold of the strawberry beds, and the fruit they bore was exceedingly large and plenty, so much so that it caused many remarks, particularly in regard to their size. This last spring I dug a number of holes, of some six or eight inches in depth, put in a shovelful of this animal manure, covered it with earth, and planted cucumbers and watermelons on top, which came up in nearly half the time that the others did, not so planted, and looked more dark and rank. From what little experience I have had with animal manure, and also from what I have learned in regard to it, I would advise all farmers who can obtain a dead dog, calf, cow or horse, to bury a portion of their carcasses at the foot of their fruit vines, or trees. In so doing they will ascertain what its true merits are. Doubtless many of them have observed how flourishing and thrifty the grass and weeds will grow where the body of a horse or cow has, or is, decomposing. Test it for yourselves. E. [American Agriculturist.]

### CURE FOR HEAVES.

Take some weed commonly called smart weed, that grows along the roadside, or in the fields in low places; steep it in boiling water till the strength is all out, and give the horse one quart of the liquid every day for eight or ten days. Mix it with bran or flour if he will eat it, or not, pour it down his throat with a bottle. Give him green or cut feed with water during the operation, and it will warrant a cure. Horses with heaves will be troubled with it about as bad this dry and dusty weather, as they will in the spring of the year. This medicine is so simple, and easy to be obtained, that some may not think it worth their while to try it; but simple medicines many times prove more effectual than those obtained at a great expense. Now is the time to secure the weed, and I say to those interested, try it. [Rural N. Yorker.]

### KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

#### REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

##### On Working Oxen.

The Committee on working oxen have attended to the duties assigned them, and submit the following report:

Twenty-three pairs were entered for the Society's premium, eleven competitors only appeared on the ground to exhibit their oxen, which came in the following order:

Henry Dudley of Readfield, one pair 6 years old, girth 7 feet 1 inch; James W. Clough of Mt. Vernon, one pair 6 years old, girth 7 feet; G. W. Hains of Readfield, one pair 5 years old, girth 7 feet; D. W. Hains of Readfield, one pair 5 years old, girth 6 feet 11 inches; John S. Hains of Readfield, one pair 5 years old, girth 2 inches; William F. Hilton, Fayette, one pair 5 years old, girth 7 feet 4 inches; Benj. L. Lombard of Readfield, one pair 7 years old, girth 7 feet 4 inches; Benj. L. Lombard of Readfield, one pair 7 years old, girth 6 feet 10 inches; Alvin Palmer of Readfield, one pair 3 years old, girth 6 feet 11 inches; Osgood Graves of Wayne, one pair 5 years old, girth 7 feet; E. L. Hinds of East Livernore, one pair 5 years old, girth 7 feet 7 1/2 inches; Cyrus Robbins of Winthrop, one pair 6 years old, girth 7 feet.

The age and size of these oxen were taken from the competitors. After viewing the exhibition, the committee found themselves in a hard place, and would gladly have been excused from making the awards offered by the Society. Not that there were not oxen worthy, but on account of the load being altogether too heavy, on such a drag, and in such a place. The size was so small and the construction of the drag so rolled, and the award so tender, that every turn rolled it up before it.

A load of 5800 lbs. requires much strength to move it along, under such circumstances, and the oxen did not, or could not do it, to the extent that the committee desired, in order to judge of their properties for work. These unfavorable circumstances, your committee suppose, did much more than anything else, to prevent those other twelve pairs entered, from coming forward to compete for the prize.

We very much regret that in this wooden county of old Kennebec, no better implement could be afforded for the exhibition of such good oxen, and we hope that no such obstacles will be found at any future show.

The oxen exhibited appeared well under such circumstances, and after due consideration the committee decided to award the 1st premium to Henry Dudley, of Readfield; 2d to D. W. Hains, of Readfield, and 3d to Cyrus Robbins, of Winthrop.

The 5 year old oxen exhibited by Wm. F. Hilton, of Fayette; John S. Hains and Alvin Palmer, of Readfield; and Osgood Graves, of Wayne, were well matched, noble animals, and did well, and we are not sure but what they are, in fact, better working oxen than those to whom we have awarded premiums, but we are obliged to judge of them as they appear on the ground, and if we have failed to do justice, it is because we have erred in judgment.

The oxen presented by E. L. Hinds, of East Livernore, were very large, good fashioned, fat animals, but did not show the strength of smaller ones. Those presented by H. B. Lombard and James Clough, shew very good training.

Had the arrangement for this part of the exhibition been what it should have been, we feel sure in saying that it would have been a very extra good one, much more than an average of previous years.

The committee would suggest the propriety of more premiums in number, not in amount, being offered on working oxen.

This part of the show excites much interest, and we think liberal rewards should be offered, and none but the best arrangements be made. Every person who will contribute to this part of the exhibition deserves a reward, and if he does not get it in money, he certainly has the grateful feelings of the spectators. No one should be discouraged if his oxen fail to do as he expects or desires them to; some oxen that are everything the owner could desire at home on the farm, will prove a failure when surrounded by a crowd.

This is sometimes brought about by the teamster, if he is agitated or excited, the ox readily perceives it and partakes of the same spirit. On the other hand, oxen that are not what the owner would desire at home, will perform well at the show. If your committee could view each class in both places, they would be far better prepared to say which were indeed and in truth the best working oxen, but we are limited to one, and from that we must judge.

We should be glad to give the prizes to the largest and best fashioned oxen, and thereby encourage the raising of such animals, but it is very often the case, as in this, that their performances will not allow of it.

Much credit is due the Marshalls for their untiring and successful labors in preserving order; seldom have we witnessed better, where the crowd was so numerous. We speak for Benson and Fox, for 1855.

S. N. WATSON, Chairman.

##### On Incidents.

Your Committee, in making their report upon the duties assigned them, feel that it is due to themselves to state that the majority of them were unexpectedly called upon to perform these duties, and that on receiving a list of articles from the Secretary, a hasty glance showed them that a large share of the articles within the tent were classed either as Incidental or Promiscuous, rendering their duties at once various and multifarious, their list comprising the whole range of Nature, Art and Science. But as they are not easily daunted, they applied themselves to the work before them, believing that in rendering their verdict, errors of judgment would be readily pardoned.

Two hundred or more rare specimens of Art, ingenuity, taste and use, have been examined by your committee; not all entitled to premiums, could be awarded them. The amount limited for incidental purposes, being the small sum of five dollars. They have, however, recommended gratuities above that sum.

If your committee had had the disposal of \$100 instead of \$5, they believe the claims of

the exhibitors would have entitled them to that amount. In rendering the Fair interesting, they have a reward. In anticipation of the amount of business before the committee, they thought it expedient to appoint a Secretary, and C. A. Metcalf was appointed to that office.

Their attention was first directed to a cooking stove (called the "Green Mountain State"), No. 3, entered by R. S. Kelley of Winthrop, which they considered a neat pattern, and very convenient, to which, as there was no competition, they awarded the Society's premium of \$2.00 for best cooking stove. Some tin ware, made by the same, was put together in a workmanlike and elegant manner. All in want of the above articles will do well to call on our friend Kelley forthwith. A lot of Cabinet work came next, comprising a complete chamber set, and an extra bureau, manufactured by Wm. Roberts of Wayne. These articles were of beautiful workmanship and finish, and in the opinion of your committee would do credit to any establishment in the country; they awarded the Society's premium of \$2.00 to Wm. Roberts for a best specimen of cabinet work, and the society's premium of \$1.00 for best bedstead, and would cheerfully recommend him to young housekeepers, and all in want of a nice article of furniture. And your committee fully believe, that by thus encouraging such valuable home manufactures, the community would not only benefit themselves, by securing a good article, but materially add to the wealth and prosperity of the county and State. One package of matches, by G. M. True of East Livernore, were a good article, the foregoing remarks will apply to them. A fair specimen of sweet potatoes, No. 30, were raised by the chairman of your committee, F. F. Haines, of East Livernore, from slips planted the 26th of June, in sandy soil, and the other members considering them valuable as an experiment, and that if planted in season they would be of good size and quality, they unanimously awarded to Mr. Haines a gratuity of 50 cts. Of several braids of seed corn, which were all good, they thought No. 96 the best, raised by E. Maxim, of Wayne, and award to it a gratuity of 25 cts. A very fine lot of onions, No. 87, raised by Walter Fox, of Leeds, they thought them well worthy a gratuity of 25 cts.

No. 84, two mammoth cucumbers, presented by L. C. Luce, were quite a curiosity, and your committee would inquire of Mr. Luce if he has a jar of sufficient capacity to pickle them in, if so, would recommend to send them to the World's Fair, as a specimen of what old Kennebec can do in raising cucumbers. No. 138 were 7 beets of the same order, raised by John True, of East Livernore, and go to prove that we need not go to the "banks of the Sacramento" to raise large vegetables. No. 147 was a specimen of Mediterranean wheat, raised by Moses Hubbard, of Fayette, the heads were long and handsome, of the bald variety, and pretty well filled; your committee would like to have known more about it. Several heads of cabbage were presented, which looked well, two raised by E. H. Libby, of Wayne, were very fine, with large, solid heads, they awarded to him the pleasure of raising and owning the biggest cabbage on the ground.

As Knottism is very fashionable at the present time, it seems that the cabbage heads (not the worst heads by the way) took it into their heads to get up a similar, or it may be, your committee came to the safe conclusion that they knew nothing about it, suffice it to say, they found a vegetable called "Knottism cabbage," raised by Mr. Nickerson, of Readfield, of rather a nondescript appearance, which is quite a curiosity; it is said to be a Native American, as the order does not flourish out of the United States.

Your committee now came to very different and various classes of articles, from the Needlework to the grand and sublime in Art, and believing implicitly in the words of an Ancient Book, that "it is not good for man to be alone," accordingly, as soon as practicable, invited several ladies to join them in passing judgment on the following. The first article that came under their notice was a wrought scarf, No. 10, by Miss M. C. Fairbanks, of Wayne, the designs were elegantly wrought, showing a fine taste in such matters, and the fringe was rich. Your committee unanimously awarded to it a gratuity of 50 cts. No. 8 was a piece of silk fringe, made by Mrs. Anson Wing, of Wayne, a very fine article, they awarded to it a gratuity of 25 cts. Several tidies, Nos. 45, 36, and 192 were presented; three marked 192, after examination, the committee considered the best, as showing the most skill and labor. Several bed purses were presented, No. 28 by Mrs. L. L. Wing, of Wayne, to let premium; 82, Mrs. T. B. Reed, they recommended a gratuity, and 188 (could find no name) were very pretty in design and finish, and large enough to hold a comfortable supply of the needful, especially if it consisted of California roses. A watch case, No. 186, by Miss S. E. Stevens, was very neat in design and finish; they recommended a gratuity. No. 41, a card basket, was a unique affair, presented by Mrs. Richardson, of No. Wayne, made apparently of some kind of seed. A vase of wax flowers, No. 198, made by Mrs. M. S. Grody, of Vienna, were neat and beautiful, vying with Nature. They awarded a gratuity of 25 cts. and, having since learned that Mrs. G. instructs in the art of making said flowers, would recommend to her all who wish to learn. A ladies' work box, No. 169, by Miss E. Wheelock, of Readfield, was very neatly and tastefully trimmed, in rather a novel style, which in the opinion of your committee combined durability with beauty, they awarded to it a gratuity of 25 cts. No. 57, a feather case, by Mrs. C. S. Stinchfield, showed much taste and skill in arrangement and construction, your committee considered it warm and comfortable in our northern climate, and are fully convinced of the truth of the old adage, "Time feathers make a fine bird." No. 112, a cushion, made by Mrs. J. Moulton, of Wayne, was covered with a diamond patch called "clock work," they decided that while "distance lends enchantment to the view," a closer scrutiny shows it to be a well made and useful article, they awarded to it a gratuity of 25

No. 37, a needle book, by Mrs. Snow, of No. Wayne, was very ingeniously contrived and beautifully executed, and they awarded to that article a gratuity of 25c. No. 94, a pair of under sleeves, by Mrs. S. M. Jennings, were neatly wrought and though rather cold for the season were very pretty. No. 151, two picture frames, by Mrs. O. M. Shaw, of Winthrop, were of novel design and exquisite finish, and they cheerfully awarded a gratuity of 25c. No. 42, a shell box, by Mrs. Richardson, of North Wayne, was very neatly got up. Nos. 58 & 59, a pair of lamp mats and worsted work, by a child 10 years old, presented by Mrs. C. S. Stinchfield, the better design, the cornucopia or "horn of plenty," they decided that taking into consideration the style and finish, and the age of the competitor to them a gratuity of 25c. Among the many lamp mats presented, neatly made, they decided to award a gratuity of 25c. to No. 107, a pair made by Miss S. W. Hight, of Wayne. No. 170, a wrought chair, by Mrs. O. M. Shaw, of Winthrop, showed much labor and skill in design and execution. No. 195, a pair of ottomans, by Miss J. M. Hight, of Wayne, your committee, especially the ladies, thought worthy, a gratuity of 50c. No. 165, a domestic wooden bed blanket, by Mrs. J. Leadbetter, of Monmouth, was nice and comfortable and worked after the English pattern; although they had expended the small sum allotted them, yet to encourage domestic manufactures of real practical utility, they recommended a gratuity of 50c. No. 98, an oil painting presented by D. C. H. Barker, of Wayne, was a very fine piece, and your committee unanimously awarded to it the Society's premium of \$1.00 for best specimen of painting. Other paintings of merit and artistic skill were presented, but they must pass them without particular notice.

Of drawings there were a great variety, and your committee exceedingly regretted that they were limited to one premium, but after spending much time in comparing and consulting, it was proposed that each member should select the drawing they thought worthy of the premium, and all (the Secretary of committee excepted), unanimously decided to award the Society's premium of \$1.00, to No. 148, by Mrs. C. A. Metcalf, of Winthrop. No. 78, were four drawings by Miss Emmeline S. Lovejoy, of North Wayne, were very fine, they awarded to them a gratuity of 50c. No. 122, two colored crayons, by Mrs. C. A. Metcalf, the colors were beautifully blended, they awarded a gratuity of 25c. No. 160, a fine drawing by Miss E. A. Hight, of Wayne, they awarded a gratuity of 25c. No. 200, two pieces crayon heads, by Miss M. C. Fairbanks, Wayne, were fine works of art, and they recommended a gratuity of 50c. No. 49, pencil drawings, by Miss Lovejoy, of Fayette, showed much labor and beauty of finish, and they recommended a gratuity of 50c. No. 97, mezzotint painting, by M. Lethrop, of Fayette, is a splendid affair exhibiting much labor and skill. The Rincosaurus slaying the Lioness, the Lion in mid air coming to the rescue from the cliff above, and the natives viewing the encounter from the background; they recommended a gratuity of 50c. A specimen of scythes, axes, pruning hook, and straw knives, exhibited by the North Wayne Company, very superior articles, and were what all implements from that establishment are, the best in the world.

Your Committee would say, that although they may have exceeded their limits a trifle, yet from the great variety of articles presented, they are fully persuaded that the society will cheerfully grant all the above awards, and would further suggest for the benefit of those hereafter concerned, that the incidentals be classified as follows: Farm and garden, fancy work, drawings and paintings.

##### Incidental and Fancy Articles.

Your Committee examined a variety of fancy and staple articles, and from them selected the following as worthy of premium, and award accordingly:

Mrs. A. Hatch, Lovell, rug rug, 75 cents; Mrs. H. N. Dresser, do, crocheted table cover, \$1; Mrs. W. F. Davis, Denmark, hose and mittens, 25 cents; Mrs. L. P. Sawyer, do, blankets, 50 cents; stocking yarn, 25 cents; 2 pairs double mittens, 25 cents; patch counterpane, 50 cents; Mrs. P. I. Pingree, do, table linen, 50 cents; Mrs. N. Ames, do, shawl, 75 cents; Mrs. Jones, do, hose, 25 cents; Miss S. W. Stickey, Brownfield, embroidered bag and hdkf, 75 cents; Miss M. J. Berry, Denmark, embroidered skirt and hdkf, \$1; Miss L. Ames, do, embroidered skirt, 25 cents; Mrs. L. D. Stanley, Porter, portfolio and mats, 25 cents; Mrs. H. H. Miller, Brownfield, linen hose, 25 cents; Miss Jane Weeks, do, yarn rug, 50; Miss Mary C. Hurd, Fryeburg, ottoman cover, \$1.

Your committee find several beautiful articles worthy of notice, but being limited as to funds, are unable to reward them as they deserve. Among them are some beautiful crayon drawings. Miss Lucy Ingalls and Miss Clara Davis deserve much praise for their pictures.

Miss A. M. Ames exhibited a fine pencil drawing, very creditable. Mrs. B. F. Cutter, one neatly executed painting and one frame of fancy leather work, a fine specimen. Mrs. A. Hatch, a specimen of shell work, beautifully done. Some fancy paper flowers, baskets, bead-work, and a variety of other work, deserve much praise and the thanks of the Society.

Mrs. L. P. Sawyer.

##### Miscellaneous Articles.

James Walker, Fryeburg, improved hay cart, \$2; Otis Warren, do, set iron frame looking glass; do, spittoon and card-receiver, \$1; J. T. Randall, do, book store, \$1; F. L. Rice, Denmark, swarm of bees with Miner's patent hive, \$1. ISAAC BERRY.

L. F. Cummings, Porter, best broad axe and narrow axe, \$1; Stephen Peavy, Denmark, ox-yoke with bows, staple and ring, \$1. S. D. WADSWORTH.

##### Leather.

H. M. Russell, Fryeburg, sole leather, \$1; upper leather, \$1; harness leather, 50 cents; calf skins, 50 cents. L. F. CUMMINGS.

##### Poultry.

L. P. Sawyer, M. D., Denmark, Bolton Gray chickens, 50 cents. S. EMBROOK.

##### Dairy.

The committee on dairy beg leave to make the following report: Among the several parcels of butter presented, we find none except June butter, and for the most part we find it rather too salt. Had less salt, and that of a finer quality, been used, the flavor of the butter would have been much better. The cheeses, for the most part, were small, and rather below the standard weight. We would award the premiums as follows: Z. Gibson, Brownfield, best June butter, \$2; S. Hill, Hiram, 3d do, \$1; S. Stickey, Brownfield, best cheese, \$2; Z. Gibson, 2d do, \$1.

##### Potatoes, Carrots, &c.

George B. Walker, Fryeburg, 57 bus. carrots, 1 of an acre, \$1. No crop of potatoes was entered. Several fine specimens were exhibited by Messrs. Gordon and Bradley of Fryeburg, and Messrs. Stickey and Westworth of Brownfield.

ELDEN BARKER.

##### Horticulture.

Your committee congratulate the Society that the products of this department are annually increasing in variety and excellence. Good fruit is becoming comparatively plenty within our bounds, and increased attention is paid to its culture. Eleven entries of apples have been made at this meeting, containing nearly all the good varieties of fall and winter fruit. The same varieties excel in quality any former exhibition, and most of our fruit growers inform us that their orchards are improving, and less troubled with the worm. No inferior fruit has been brought to this meeting; it is all good and worthy of premium. Your committee are influenced by the mere specimens before them—such as the condition of the orchard, and what the producer is doing to enlarge and improve it. We recommend the following awards: E. P. Ingalls, Denmark, best winter apples, \$1; Jacob Buck, Hiram, 2d do, 50 cents; A. O. Pike, Fryeburg, best fall apples, \$1; Jacob Buck, Hiram, 2d do, 50 cents. To Kilpatrick Weeks of Chatham, N. H., we would recommend a fine gratuity of \$1 to be given by vote of the Society, for his specimens of fall and winter apples. To J. B. Dresser of Lovell, for fine, large pumpkins, we recommend a gratuity of 50 cts. To George S. Watson of Hiram, although not in our

### THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

Gladly now we gather round it,  
The tolling day is done,  
And the gray and solemn twilight  
Follows down the golden ear;  
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,  
Stalk like giants through the gloom,  
Wander past the dusky casement,  
Creep around the fire-lit room:  
Draw the curtain—close the shutters!  
Place the slippers by the fire!  
Though the rude wind loudly mutters,  
What care we for wind-sprite's ire?

What care we for outward seeming?  
Fickle Fortune's frown or smile?  
If around us love is beaming—  
Love can human life beguile.

Hearts that coil to iron bars and palace,  
Of the cottage roof and palace,  
All are quaffing from life's chalice,  
Bubbles that enchantment bring:  
Grates are glowing—music flowing  
From those lips we love the best—  
Oh, the joy, the bliss of knowing  
There are hearts on which to rest!

Hearts that thrill with eager gladness—  
Hearts that coil to iron bars and palace,  
While from care and haunting sadness  
Mingle ne'er in look or tone;  
Care may tread the halls of Daylight—  
Sadness haunt the midnight hour—  
But the weird and witching Twilight  
Brings the glowing hearthstone's dower:  
Altar of our holiest feelings!  
Childhood's well-remembered shrine!  
Spirit-yearnings, soul-revelings  
Wreath immortal round thee twine!

### WEST OXFORD AG. SOCIETY.

#### REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

##### Domestic and Fancy Articles.

Your Committee examined a variety of fancy and staple articles, and from them selected the following as worthy of premium, and award accordingly:

Mrs. A. Hatch, Lovell, rug rug, 75 cents; Mrs. H. N. Dresser, do, crocheted table cover, \$1; Mrs. W. F. Davis, Denmark, hose and mittens, 25 cents; Mrs. L. P. Sawyer, do, blankets, 50 cents; stocking yarn, 25 cents; 2 pairs double mittens, 25 cents; patch counterpane, 50 cents; Mrs. P. I. Pingree, do, table linen, 50 cents; Mrs. N. Ames, do, shawl, 75 cents; Mrs. Jones, do, hose, 25 cents; Miss S. W. Stickey, Brownfield, embroidered bag and hdkf, 75 cents; Miss M. J. Berry, Denmark, embroidered skirt and hdkf, \$1; Miss L. Ames, do, embroidered skirt, 25 cents; Mrs. L. D. Stanley, Porter, portfolio and mats, 25 cents; Mrs. H. H. Miller, Brownfield, linen hose, 25 cents; Miss Jane Weeks, do, yarn rug, 50; Miss Mary C. Hurd, Fryeburg, ottoman cover, \$1.

Your committee find several beautiful articles worthy of notice, but being limited as to funds, are unable to reward them as they deserve. Among them are some beautiful crayon drawings. Miss Lucy Ingalls and Miss Clara Davis deserve much praise for their pictures.

Miss A. M. Ames exhibited a fine pencil drawing, very creditable. Mrs. B. F. Cutter, one neatly executed painting and one frame of fancy leather work, a fine specimen. Mrs. A. Hatch, a specimen of shell work, beautifully done. Some fancy paper flowers, baskets, bead-work, and a variety of other work, deserve much praise and the thanks of the Society.

Mrs. L. P. Sawyer.

##### Miscellaneous Articles.

James Walker, Fryeburg, improved hay cart, \$2; Otis Warren, do, set iron frame looking glass; do, spittoon and card-receiver, \$1; J. T. Randall, do, book store, \$1; F. L. Rice, Denmark, swarm of bees with Miner's patent hive, \$1. ISAAC BERRY.

L. F. Cummings, Porter, best broad axe and narrow axe, \$1; Stephen Peavy, Denmark, ox-yoke with bows, staple and ring, \$1. S. D. WADSWORTH.

##### Leather.

H. M. Russell, Fryeburg, sole leather, \$1; upper leather, \$1; harness leather, 50 cents; calf skins, 50 cents. L. F. CUMMINGS.

##### Poultry.

L. P. Sawyer, M. D., Denmark, Bolton Gray chickens, 50 cents. S. EMBROOK.

##### Dairy.

The committee on dairy beg leave to make the following report: Among the several parcels of butter presented, we find none except June butter, and for the most part we find it rather too salt. Had less salt, and that of a finer quality, been used, the flavor of the butter would have been much better. The cheeses, for the most part, were small, and rather below the standard weight. We would award the premiums as follows: Z. Gibson, Brownfield, best June butter, \$2; S. Hill, Hiram, 3d do, \$1; S. Stickey, Brownfield, best cheese, \$2; Z. Gibson, 2d do, \$1.

##### Potatoes, Carrots, &c.





THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 9, 1884.

## A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

**MILKING THE PINE.** About one hundred and fifty years ago, according to the records of old Plymouth, the town voted to give Major John Bradford, liberty to "milk the pine trees" upon the town common, from the head of Blackwater, and from Duxbury line to Jones River; he had liberty to employ two strangers, lately come from the westward upon said common, within said limits, upon condition that said Bradford doth give in bonds to the select men, to secure the town from any charge that may fall on said town by said persons—and do also instruct any of the inhabitants in what skill said strangers have in milking the pine, so far as they are capable of instructing in said art.

We suppose this pine milking was nothing more than tapping them and collecting the turpentine, a part of which was probably manufactured into resin, &c., and was undoubtedly one, if not the principal, source of that article to the colonists at that early day.

In Maine pine milking has been quite a different operation, for the pine tree folks, instead of milking the pines of the State, milk the State of the pines.

## REARING FISH.

It may seem rather useless in a country as comparatively new as ours is, to talk about breeding fish, and yet, if it can be easily done, it may be profitable to do it.

Would it not be a comfortable thing to be able, for one who has a snug pond of his own, to have it well stocked with salmon, or bass, or some such good variety of the finny tribes, for which we now have to depend upon the fishermen on our coast and deep divers and then have but a rare chance occasionally of obtaining one?

Salmon which used to be so abundant with us in Kennebec, is now a great rarity, not to be thought of except a day or two in the spring. Experiments recently tried, in Scotland promise good success in breeding salmon.

Mr. Pell and others, of New York, are trying their hands at breeding some of the salt water fish in fresh water ponds, and with success.

Dr. Adams remarked in one of the conversational meetings of the New York Farmers' Club, that fish eggs could be carried in a box, between the folds of wet linen in a box, and that 500,000 eggs could be hatched in a stream, under a sieve fifteen inches in diameter. Mr. Pell feeds his fish with liver, Indian meal mixed with blood, and boiled rice.

We suppose animal matter of almost any kind will make good food for fishes. It would be a pleasant recreation for some here in Maine who have the means and leisure, to experiment on rearing this kind of water stock, facts might thus be elicited which would prove valuable.

**MORE LARGE VEGETABLES.** Since our last, we have received a number of presents, in the shape of big vegetables, which we hereby acknowledge. The biggest cabbage of the season, as yet, was presented by Mr. Weyer of Hallowell. This vegetable monster weighs 15 lbs. and measures 41 inches in circumference. It is a large one, and "No Mistake," as the old hay-scales used to have it.

Mr. Henry M. Sawtelle of Sidney, brought us a variety of articles, first among which was a lot of nice apples of different kinds, Greenings, Baldwins, Russets, &c. A fine specimen of seed corn, some half dozen ears, shows that the drought was not quite fatal in its effects upon the corn crop. The ears are long, and handsome filled out. Some carrots, both of the yellow and white, or field carrot, varieties, and which yielded at the rate of 800 bushels to the acre, show that not only can carrots be raised in this State, but that they are a most profitable crop for the farmer. Our farmers are already aware, or should be, of their value as food for stock. It is claimed for them, that they are worth more than oats to feed to horses. Mr. Sawtelle also brought in some very large potatoes, of the "pach blow" variety. They were smooth and handsome, yielded well, and were free from the rot.

Mr. John E. Brainerd of East Winthrop, sent us a sample of his crop of carrots, which was larger round than any we have before received, but not so long. His carrots yielded at the rate of 640 bushels to the acre.

**SHIP BUILDING—BATH DISTRICT.** The Bath Mirror has been at the trouble to ascertain the number and size of the vessels built in Bath District the present year. The number of vessels is 98, with an aggregate tonnage of 77,597 tons, an increase of tonnage over the build of 1883, of 28,198 tons. At \$80 per ton, the average market price, the value of the build is \$6,207,600, and at the same rate the value of the vessels built in Bath alone is \$2,424,900. The Mirror makes the following remarks:

"It has been supposed that the large build, and the depression in business, would throw ships into the market this fall at a price less than cost; but from conversation not only with our own builders, but with those of neighboring towns, we are informed there are but few for sale at less than a handsome profit, and not at prices that will not cover the bills. Those that have not built for their own use, or on contract, are but few, and generally able to hold on a few months."

We notice a correspondent of the Bath Tribune, over the signature of "A Shipbuilder," is inclined to think the statement of the Mirror rather over estimates the number of vessels, and that it includes a number that will not be finished until next year. Be that as it may, the build of the district is a good one, and we hope the builders may lose nothing by their enterprising spirit.

**LAKE TROUT.** Mr. Chas. Sawyer, of this city, sent us some splendid lake trout, of the day, fresh from Moosehead. They weighed a little over two and one-half pounds each, and made a grand dinner. We understand that Mr. Sawyer is about to take charge of the Cushnet House. If he is as successful in catering for the palates of his customers, as he was in our case, he need have no fear of ever sitting at the head of an empty dinner-table.

**BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.** We have the following members to aid this week:—Cumberland—Samuel F. Perley, Naples. Waldo—Horace Mc Kenney, Monroe. East Somerset—Hon. William Folson, Hartland. Maine Pomological and Horticultural Society—D. A. Fairbanks, Augusta.

We shall publish a full list of the members as soon as we can obtain them.

## KENNEBEC AND PORTLAND RAILROAD.

The annual meeting of this company was held at Bath on Thursday last. The following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Reuel Williams, Geo. F. Patton, J. D. Lang, Jos. McKen, M. S. Hagar, W. D. Sewall, F. T. Lally, B. A. G. Fuller.

The reports of the Directors and Treasurer, for the year ending Oct., 1884, were read and accepted. The reports have been printed, but not having received copies, we are obliged to make a synopsis of them from some of our more fortunate exchanges.

The State of Maine has the following:—  
"The Directors' Report represents the condition of the road as improved within the past year, and the travel and business as having steadily increased. It is a model of brevity, occupying less than two pages.

The Treasurer's Report shows the financial condition of the road. There has been an increase of 24 per cent. over the gains of last year. The expenditures of the road to September 30, 1884, amount to \$2,605,365.86, and the balance of assets is \$238,338.77.

The receipts for the past year ending Sept. 30, exclusive of all amounts paid and due to other roads for their proportions, have been as follows:

From 270,332 passengers,	\$153,162.57
" 30,155 and 610 tons freight,	43,102.65
" transportation of mails, express, rents, &c.,	12,303.20
	\$208,568.42

Less running expenses as follows:  
Maintenance of way, \$16,040.17  
Locomotive power, \$9,828.92  
Train expenses, 16,046.54  
Office establishment and salaries, 9,022.72  
Station expenses, 12,649.72  
Mail expenses, 615.42  
Fuel, 19,148.21  
General expenses, 1,170.81

Leaving net receipts for the year, \$14,998.84. Adjusted to the Report is a comparative statement of the receipts of each month since Oct., 1880, showing a most gratifying increase from \$3,869.50 in Oct., '80, to \$21,471.62 in Sept., '84.

During the time embraced in the above Report, no serious accident has occurred, and notwithstanding the increased cost of running the trains, the net earnings have been sufficient to pay interest upon all indebtedness, and upon preferred stock, with a fair prospect of increasing business and receipts. The total earnings of the road show an increase of \$40,454.54 over those of any previous year. The amount of sinking fund, including interest accrued, is upwards of \$52,000.

The following comparative statement, showing the number of passengers and the gross receipts, for four successive years, indicate with what rapidity railroad facilities increase travel and business:

No. of Passengers.	Gross receipts.
1880-51,	92,020
1881-52,	143,663
1882-53,	223,565
1883-54,	270,332

Since the last report, there have been added to the rolling stock of the road, three new locomotives, two passenger cars, and forty-five freight cars. In anticipation of the increase in business, from the opening of the Somerset Road, there are now constructing two additional locomotives, and a number of freight cars.

At the present time the company own 11 locomotives, 12 passenger, 4 baggage, and 99 merchandise cars, and 3 snow plows. The names and weight of the locomotives are as follows:—Bath, 20 tons; Brunswick, 20; Richmond, 18; Maine, 22; Patten, 22; Reuel Williams, 18; Augusta, 22; Portland, 20; Gardiner, 24; Hallowell, 24; Kennebec, 12.

## THE BANK OF HALLOWELL.

The Bangor Mercury publishes the following:—"The Bank of Hallowell, at Hallowell, the bills of which are refused at the Suffolk Bank in Boston, is said to have had a large circulation in the Western States. The run upon various western banks has led them to draw largely on New York for specie, and it may be the fact that the bills of the Hallowell Bank have been sent largely to New York as a part of the means to buy specie. Once in New York, they would find their way immediately to Boston, as the point for redemption of New England bills, and thus cause a shortage in the account of the Hallowell Bank at the Suffolk Bank. The manager of the Bank of Hallowell, Mr. Leonard, is a man of ample means, and will, after some days, present the means, doubtless, of redeeming all the bills of this bank."

There is an old saying that "It is a poor rule that will not work both ways," and if we may be allowed to judge by the following, which is cut from a Boston paper, the Hallowell Bank is determined to give the other way of the "stop-pay rule," a trial:—

"A Roland for an Oliver."—We are informed that the Bank of Hallowell, (Maine), has refused to receive the bills of the Suffolk Bank.

We do not know that any alarm is felt by holders of the Bank of Hallowell bills, and the Hallowell Gazette, after giving a list of the officers of the three Banks in Hallowell, adds the following:—"There are no Banks in the State, or New England, more substantial or safer than all three of the above. They are all abundantly able to stand on their own foundations, and maintain their own credit, at home and abroad, to the satisfaction of all concerned."

"A Citizen" also, in a communication to the Gazette, declares that the "bills of the Bank of Hallowell, to-day are as good as the Bank notes of England."

## GOOD RESOLVES.

We would refer our agricultural friends to the resolves passed by the Androscoggin Agricultural Society, at their last meeting. (We beg pardon for calling them West Lincoln in our last. The people in that section are now no longer "Westenders," but have grown into the full stature of a new county.) There is a desire and eagerness on the part of Legislators should do something more to promote the agricultural interests of the State, either by the establishment of schools, or stock farms, or both. The great foundation interest of the State, say what you please about it, is agriculture. The great majority of the people are agriculturists. They desire to have more advantages as it regards the promotion and improvement of their calling, but have hitherto been "bluffed" off by other interests which hold a predominating sway in our legislative councils.

This society have taken definite and decisive action in this matter—they have spoken so as to be clearly and distinctly understood, and we hope they will take measures to urge their desires next winter at the proper place, and that they will also have the strenuous co-operation of all the other agricultural societies in the State. Let something be done that will be worthy the farmers of Maine. They have stood in the background long enough.

**GREAT NEWSPAPER SALE.** We learn from our Boston exchanges that F. Gleason, Esq., has disposed of his interest in "Gleason's Pictorial" and "Flag of our Union" newspapers, to Martin M. Ballou, Esq., for the round sum of \$200,000. This is the largest newspaper sale ever effected in this country. Mr. Gleason retires with an ample fortune. Mr. Ballou has been editor of the two publications since their commencement.

## BURIAL MURDER IN TOPSHAM.

We learn from the Bath papers that on Wednesday night last, a man residing between Bowdoinham and Topsham, by the name of Charles Cripps, murdered his wife in a most shocking and brutal manner. The deed was committed with a piece of an old sledge shoe. The Tribune gives the following particulars:—

"The circumstances of the case, so far as we have been able to learn them, were as follows: On the day preceding the murder, Cripps was about moving from the house he was then occupying, to another, about a mile and a half distant, and had sent to this city and obtained half a gallon of N. E. Rum to be used on the occasion. The business of moving had progressed without any unusual occurrence till about sunset, when the last loads of moveables were placed upon the cart, and Cripps and his wife were both too drunk to proceed on foot, as they had intended, to their place of destination.

The team proceeded on its way, accompanied by the two sons of Cripps, one 16, and the other 18 years old. When they arrived at the house they proceeded to unload the furniture and put up the beds.

Before the boys had got through, the father came and stated to them that he could not induce his mother to accompany him, and wished they would go and see what they could do. They at once went back to the house and found their mother lying upon the floor almost dead, and in a pool of blood, and just gasping in death.

They took off their coats and covered her up as well as they could, and ran for assistance. In the mean time their father had been to a neighbor's by the name of Ward, and told him that his wife was sick and dying, and requested him to go with him and see her. When Cripps and Ward arrived, Ward at once perceived that the woman was dead, and seeing her situation, ran to alarm the neighbors.

Before any one arrived, however, knowledge of such matters arrived to prevent it, Cripps had obtained a horse and wagon, and with the assistance of the boys, had taken the corpse from the place of the supposed murder, to the house where his furniture was. When the neighbors arrived, they became terribly alarmed, and the corpse had been carried to the house to which it had been followed, Cripps was found asleep on one bed, with his clothes on, and the stiffened and bloody remains of his wife lying in the next room, upon another. The boys were awake, crying."

## THE MIRROR SAYS:—

"In the room where the body was found by the children, was a piece of spruce, about a foot and a half in length, and two inches in diameter, which was stained with blood, and had looks of having sticking to it. There were also two pieces of board, stained with blood, having the appearance of having been used in an assault. There was also a piece of sledge shoe in the room, but from its appearance and the appearance of the wounds, it was nothing more than a lead to the supposition that the iron had been used. The head was pounded to a jelly, and the general appearance of the body was revolting to look upon."

"Cripps had four children, three boys and one girl. He is not about 42 years of age. His appearance is that of a bad man, and it is said that when sober, he exhibits a good disposition, but is made ugly and furious by rum."

Cripps was taken for a justice for examination, when the evidence against him was so strong that he was fully committed to the jail at Wiscasset, to await his trial at the April term of the Supreme Judicial Court in Sagadahoc County.

## A RISE.

A number of the Second Adventists, in this city, having made up their minds that the end of the world was near at hand, in fact, no farther off than the first day of November, made all necessary preparations for ascending on that day. But, alas for the shortsightedness of our poor mortals, the first day of November came, and went, and the sun rose the next day as usual, and, so far as we can ascertain, the faith of the deluded ones was insufficient to overcome the principle of gravitation, and therefore, notwithstanding their "ascension robes," they remained with the unbelievers. We understand that some of them have returned to their work, and permitted the world to roll in space a few years longer. Others are yet confident that the "end of all things" will come on or before the 14th inst.

But if the "Millenites" failed to go up, the failure was more than met by the rise in the price of goods. Consumers of this article were last week notified that the price had been raised from \$3.50 to \$4.25 per 100 lbs.—a rise of 25 per cent. The charge for use of meter, 12 1/2 cents per gallon, has been taken off, but, on one of the consumers says, "This is a great privilege, to pay \$2.50 for the cost of saving 12 1/2 cts." So we go. What will "go up" next?

**NEW PATENTS.** Among the patents issued for the week ending Oct. 31, are the following to residents in New England:—

Improved burglar's alarm: Ephraim Brown, Lowell, Mass. Apparatus for tempering and flattening saws—William Clemson, Boston, Mass. Improvement in tooth cutting for picker cylinder—Robert Henegau, Lowell, Mass. Improvement in machinery for picking cotton—Richard Kinnon, Lowell, Mass. Machine for manufacturing mast hoops—Elhanan W. Scott, Lowell, Mass. Machinery for cutting rings for making paper—Alonso S. Woodward, Lowell, Mass. and Benjamin F. Smith, Pepperell, Mass. Design for Franklin fire place—Nathan S. Price, Boston, Mass., assignor to Franklin Muzzy & Co., Bangor, and Allen Lambard, Augusta, Me.

**BRIGHTON MARKET.** A subscriber writes us concerning the report of the Brighton Cattle Market, published in the Farmer, wishing us to state "the number from each State, and Canada, of sheep, swine, horses and cattle that are offered for sale." We have no doubt that the report would be interesting to agriculturists and cattle dealers, and we would comply with the request, but, a very important objection, the Boston paper, from which we take the account of the market, state no such items, and we do not know of any means of ascertaining. If our correspondent will furnish us with the statistics, or inform us where we can obtain them, he shall be gratified by seeing them published in the Farmer.

**FALL FISHING.** A correspondent writes us from Kendall's Mills, under date of Oct. 31, that Mr. Eli French, of that place, on that day killed a fine salmon, weighing 13 pounds. He was caught in the rack of a sawmill, in making his way up the river, and there remained until despatched with a picaroon, by Mr. F. The Waterville Mail notices this capture, and adds the following:—

"A salmon was caught in an eel trap at Petty's Lake, some three weeks ago, and sold for 6 cents a pound, under the impression that it was a trout. The buyer swallowed the deception."

**APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.** The following appointments by President Pierce are officially announced in the Washington Union:—George L. Curry, of Oregon, to be governor of the Territory of Oregon. William H. Farrar, of Oregon, to be attorney of the United States for the Territory of Oregon. Benjamin F. Harding, of Oregon, to be secretary of the Territory of Oregon.

**MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUALITY.** Prof. Spencer the celebrated lecturer on Psychology, Biology and Practical Mesmerism, is in town lecturing on those and kindred subjects, much to the entertainment of his hearers.

Some of the susceptibles whom he throws into the mesmeric sleep manifest more activity and energy than they do when awake, and we think he had better keep them in that state.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.** The last number of this work is both readable and valuable. The principal articles are, "Science and Arts," from Chamber's Journal, "Protestantism of China," "Psychological Inquiries," "Mr. Calhoun's Dying Hours," and "Songs of the Dramatists."

Besides these are a number of miscellaneous articles, sketches, and poetry, one piece of which latter, "Stuart Holland," may be found on our fourth page. A full page steel engraving gives us a view of a couple of Parisian scavengers, two old ladies who are receiving and imparting the current scandal of the day, with much apparent gusto. The Living Age is published weekly, 48 pages, by Littell, Son & Co., Tremont St., Boston, at \$5.00 per annum, and decidedly cheap reading at that.

**THE MONTHLIES.** The Monthlies for November are at hand and we proceed to notice them, briefly, however, on account of want of space.

**Harper's Magazine.** The most interesting article in this number is that entitled "The Generation of Fashions." What a sensation the appearance of the "Merveilleux," for instance, would create in our streets, and yet the fair wearer, in 1793, was doubtless in the "tip of the style." "Napoleon Bonaparte," and "The Newcomers," are the other illustrated articles. This number closes the ninth volume, with a circulation "greater than at any previous time, and rapidly increasing."

**Putnam's Monthly.** "The First Discoverers of America," the leading and principal article in this number, will be found highly interesting. It displays great historical research, and much reflection. We consider that this work comes fully up to the standard it aimed at when started, and can see no falling off of interest in late numbers.

**Krieger's Magazine.** "Good wine needs no bush," and the readers of this monthly, after perusing the various articles it offers for their consideration, and taking a seat at the "Editor's Table," will agree with us in calling this number fully equal to any preceding one.

**Graham's Magazine.** A handsome steel plate of the "Captivity of Andra," heads this number. The "Life of Washington," "Photographs from Russian Life," &c. A good number.

**Peterson's Magazine.** If any of our readers wish to learn the best mode of "popping the question," let them procure Peterson's for this month, and the engraving and accompanying sketch will give them all the particulars.

**Godey's Lady's Book.** Friend Godey has put forth a more than usually good number. The steel engravings of "Peace" is really a fine specimen of the engraver's art, and the literary matter is, as usual, good.

**National Magazine.** Two articles in this number—illustrated—"A Trip from St. Petersburg to Constantinople," and "The People's Palace," will be found very interesting at this time. An exchange says of this work, "It happily combines the department of literature, art and religion, and is conducted with great spirit and ability."

**FARMER'S ALMANAC.** We have received from Jenks, Hinckley & Swan, Boston, a copy of the "Old Farmer's (Thomas) Almanac," for 1885. Our readers who wish to keep posted up in the almanac life, will do well to procure a copy.

**THE SNOOP DROVE.** We have received the second edition of this pleasant little book. It is a collection of poems from the pen of Miss Sarah S. Mower of Jay, in this State. Miss Mower is an invalid, and has amused herself by an occasional use of her talents in writing her thoughts in "musical numbers." Many of her effusions were formerly published in the Farmer. A selection of her writings was published three years ago by Masters & Co., Hallowell, which edition we are happy to learn, is exhausted and another called for. We assure those who purchase this little work that they will not only get their money's worth, but will also contribute aid to the worthy authors, who are well deserving the sympathies of those who are enjoyingfulness of health and strength.

**CUMBERLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.** At the annual meeting of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President—Samuel F. Perley, Naples. Vice Presidents—E. G. Buxton, Yarmouth; S. B. Beckett, Portland; John Sawyer, Raymond; Geo. F. Foster, Harrison. Recording Secretary—Sewall N. Gross, N. Gloucester. Treasurer & Collector—G. W. Woodman, Portland.

**ASSOCIATE MANAGERS.**—John P. Perley, Brighton; John Anderson, Gorham; Isaac Jones, Brunswick; Daniel Weston, Otisfield; Caleb Hodgdon, Gorham.

**MAINE POMOLOGICAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.** We publish a list of the officers of this association as far as organized. It is yet in its infancy. The Maine Pomological Society is an association of a few individuals, who laboring under many discouragements have nevertheless good in seeking out and introducing to the public many new native varieties of apples, &c. In order to give the association more scope and efficiency, they obtained an act of incorporation from the Legislature last year, empowering the organization to embrace horticultural subjects of every kind. We hope the friends of horticulture—those who are engaged in the cultivation of good fruit, and the various productions of the garden in Maine, will unite and co-operate in this enterprise.

**MORE LIGHT.** Under the caption "Shall we have our streets lighted?" our neighbor of the Journal makes the following suggestions, which we would repeat, and respectfully recommend to the serious consideration of our "city fathers."

"The dark evenings are now coming on, and the last half of the day almost is evening at this time of the year. The stores are all kept open, and our merchants and many classes of mechanics are obliged to go into Water Street every evening. Why then, should not the city give us a few gas lights on Water Street? One at the foot of Bridge Street, one at the flagging near Ward's store, one at the foot of Oak Street, and another at the foot of Winthrop Street, together with the Stanley House light, would answer very well. The expense would be but a trifle. We appeal, then, to our city fathers, to give us light, more light!"

**BANON SCRIP.** The scrip of the city, payable in twenty years with semi-annual interest, is now offered for sale. This scrip has been issued to aid in the construction of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad, which is now drawing near its completion. The scrip of Portland and that of Augusta, has been selling for some time at a premium of from four to six per cent. and each of the scrips is much coveted. The scrip of this city. We are gratified to learn that it is not to be run off for less than its real value.

**SENTENCE OF A GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS.** Montreal, Nov. 2. The counterfeiters recently convicted here, Hurd, Wellington, Gleason and Derrington, have been sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the Provincial Penitentiary. Westover, Cowen, Gillins, three of another gang, have been convicted and sentenced for shorter periods. Several others remain in jail to take their trial at the next term.

## MAINE POMOLOGICAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This Society met according to adjournment, at the Farmer Office, in Augusta, and on motion of Dr. Holmes.

Read, that the By-Laws of the Maine Pomological Society be adopted as the By-Laws of the Maine Pomological and Horticultural Society, until otherwise ordered.

The following gentlemen were then chosen officers of the Society:—President—Ezekiel Holmes, Winthrop. Recording Secretary—D. A. Fairbanks, Augusta.

**Vice Presidents.**—Henry Little, Penobscot Co.; John W. Adams, Cumberland; Frederic Wingate, Kennebec; A. Johnston, Jr., Lincoln; B. T. Dinamore, Somerset; Alex. McIntyre, York; N. T. True, Oxford; P. Simonton, Waldo; J. N. Swift, Franklin; Wm. D. Dana, Washington; C. Chamberlain, Piscataquis; Hancock; Annotook; John C. Briggs, Androscoggin; Abraham Preble, Sagadahoc.

**Corresponding Secretary.**—S. L. Goodale, Saco.

**Treasurer and Librarian.**—R. Eaton, Augusta.

**Trustees.**—Nathan Foster, Gardiner; Daniel Taber, Vassalboro'; S. L. Goodale, Saco.

**Standing Committee on Fruit.**—D. Taber, F. Wingate, J. W. Adams, D. M. Watson, Samuel Austin.

**Member of the Board of Agriculture.**—D. A. Fairbanks, Augusta.

Adjourned to meet at the Farmer Office in two weeks from this time.

**For the Maine Farmer.**  
October 31, 1884.

**SMART OLD FOLK.** Mr. Asa Bonney living in the town of Peru, in this State, aged 73, with his wife, aged 68, have this year prepared the ground, raised and harvested 71 bushels of wheat, over 40 bushels of corn, 3 or 4 loads of pumpkins, besides loads of potatoes, garden sauce, &c., all by the labor of their own hands, except 6 days work. The wheat is threshed and now selling on the spot for \$2 per bushel.

The woman has secured her husband in the labor of the field through the season, besides doing the housework. After breakfast she would work out doors till 11 o'clock, then get dinner for herself and husband, then work with him till 4, then go and get supper, after supper work out till night.

To crown the whole, the old lady has had twenty-three children, eighteen of whom are now living. Many have done well, but if any have excelled let us hear of it.

**NOTE.**—We were that the State present the above worthy couple with a good lot of land. Who seconds the motion?—Ed.

**PROLIFIC APPLES.** We saw not long since, a branch one foot long, cut from a Baldwin graft which had been three years old, on which were growing nineteen good sized Baldwin apples. Of course they were packed pretty closely. They grew in the orchard of J. B. Filibeau, Esq., of Winthrop.

**THANKSGIVING.** Thus far twelve States have fixed upon a day for Thanksgiving, as follows:—Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio, Nov. 30. Maryland, New Jersey, Florida, and Wisconsin, Nov. 23.

**SHIPBUILDERS' BANK.**

It will be recollected that in our last issue we announced the election of a new board of officers to this Bank, and at the same time contradicted the rumors that were abroad, prejudicial to the institution, and stated that it was sound, and its bills current. Last week however, its officers got alarmed at an apprehended over-issue of its bills, and neglected to redeem them in Boston, and closed its doors. Since then they have taken the pains to look at its own records, and find they were not hurt but only frightened! The bills which they supposed were in circulation to the amount of \$107,000, over and above the legitimate issue, were ones that had been put on such poor paper as to be unfit to go into circulation, and were burnt up in March last, partly in the unsealed packages just as they came from the printers, and partly in unsigned sheets, in a lime kiln by the then Directors, a record of which transaction was duly made and signed by them at the time. If this record had been heeded the present needless panic would not have occurred. The bank we understand has at the present time a circulation of about \$30,000, and has in its customers' goods in good notes not yet matured, about \$160,000, to say nothing of its specie and other assets. Its bills are current here, its stock is at par, it is in a sound condition, and when its officers get the "bang" of the new school house, we opine it will go ahead.

[Rockland Advertiser.]

**PENOBSCOT AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.** Preparations are making for the erection of the station-buildings in this city, for the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad. The main building will be erected at the southerly end of Front street, and will be 250 feet long and 12 feet wide. When the business demands an extension of depot accommodations, as it undoubtedly will within a few years, this building may be enlarged—or, as has been done in Portland, it can be taken for a freight-house, and a new building erected for a passenger depot. The Company's grounds at the Bangor terminus, are more ample and convenient than those of any other company in the State, we believe. They embrace an area of four acres, comprising a large wharf, resting on two long piles upon the Hampden road, and Penobscot river. Upon the river-side ships can discharge or load at wharves which may be built along the track, anywhere from the "Pike" to "High Head."

After the ground has been levelled and graded, as in contemplation, the company will probably have sufficient land to dispose of at advanced rates, to cover a large proportion of the whole—while retaining ample accommodations for depot, engine houses, freight houses, machine shops, wood sheds, &c. Two locomotives are now on this end of the line, assisting in the work of laying the track, travelling up, &c.

**CORONER'S INQUEST.** Coroner Smith of this city was called upon on Thursday last to hold an inquest on the body of a man who was found hanging by the neck







## The Muse.

STUART HOLLAND.

BY WILLIAM H. WALKER.

"Amidst all the terrible incidents attendant upon the destruction of the Arctic, which we have been receiving these two days past, there is one that impresses us with a feeling of awe and admiration, and shows that the age of heroes is not altogether gone by. We refer to the young man, Stuart Holland, whose post of duty throughout all that trying hour was the firing of a signal gun, at intervals, in the hope of attracting the attention of vessels from a distance to the scene of the disaster. While all around him were death and despair, in bold relief there stood, (like some hero!) with the determination of a true hero, discharging his gun, until the signal ship went down beneath the waves. Here was a courage and manliness—a defiance of death, and an adhesion to duty, which would walk over the most famous battle fields in history to look for and not find. He was in the very act of firing as the vessel disappeared below the waters."

Flag of the Brave! take never light  
On every stripe and flowing fold  
That symbol freedom's radiant might  
In their deep heaven of stars unrolled.  
O, not in vain our martyrs' sighs—  
And not in vain our heroes' cries,  
The sweet for one's own land to die!

The soul of yore, the soul that gave  
Their glory to our soil and wave,  
From Vernon's Mount and Ashland's grave  
Still lightens through the sky!

Death on the waters! hark! the cry  
Of hundreds in their agony  
Who, helpless, crowd the deck;  
There manhood sternly marks his tomb,  
And woman walks in gloom,  
As slowly sinks the wreck.

But who is he that calmly stands,  
The lighted brand within his hands,  
Beside the guano gun?  
What quiet grandeur in his air—  
His right arm raised—his forehead bare  
Amid the cannon's quivering glare!

And mist-wreaths rolling down  
"Save, save yourself!" the Captain cried—  
"The cannon crew have left our side—  
I go where goes my glorious bride,  
My own majestic bark!"

But then at free—his mother waits  
Her son beside the guano gate?  
How answered Holland—hark!  
His misty gun again—and by  
The flash that lighted the sea and sky,  
Behold the hero's form.

Grand as a young Greek god, who smiles  
When shake the storm Olympus piles,  
And quiver all the misty air,  
Beneath the bolted storm!

In vain, in vain the loud gun roars—  
No more for him the calm green shores—  
For him no more the home:  
But still undaunted there he stands,  
The lighted brand within his hands,  
Above the white foam.

Red steel the youth reaches to the sky  
Of shivering horror near the sky—  
O, God! can one save!  
The proud ship sinks—and sinks—again  
The cannon thunders to the main—  
Then naught but mist and wave  
Where but a few brief hours ago  
The rider of the misty gate!

In pride four hundred glory souls  
To an expectant shore!  
Soul of the Brave! when sounds the tramp  
Mid red-brown battle's glorious pomp,  
And rolling drum and thrilling fife  
Lead on the dark and desperate strife,  
While gorges banner rise and fall  
Majestic o'er the soldier's breast,  
And eager nations turn their eyes  
Upon the hero's sacrifice!

O, 'tis not here, it is not there,  
With glory bled and vengeful air,  
The grandest wreath is thine:  
"Thou with calm courage breathing breath  
The hero, smiling, dies!"

Upon the land or brine,  
And knowing not if 'er his name  
Shall murmur from the lip of Fame,  
But looking from a troubled sea  
To God, and to his God!

Brave Holland! such a death is thine,  
And millions shall rejoice that they  
May build to thee a glorious shrine,  
And round it deathless laurel twine,  
Nor let thy memory fade away—  
For still, despite of reeling decks,  
The yawning wave, the dark and wreck,  
The sound of the distant drums,  
Stamped on the Pyramid that Time  
For hero-souls of every clime,  
Has reared on Garry's plains.

O, Dwellers of the flag and cloud,  
Wave wider, wider yet thy wing!  
Roll back, roll back the tempest's shroud,  
And broad above the thunder's spring:  
A never-sleeping light thy flight,  
And freer right than eagle's flight,  
Amid the South's soft, sunny bloom,  
Or through the North's wintry night.

'Twas not in vain our martyrs' sighs—  
And not in vain our heroes' cries,  
The sweet for one's own land to die!  
The soul of yore, the soul that gave  
Their glory to our soil and wave,  
From Vernon's Mount and Ashland's grave  
Still lightens through the sky!

New York, Oct. 18, 1854.

## The Story-Teller.

FROM CHAMBERS' REPOSITORY.

THE WOODEN SPOON.

[CONCLUDED.]

VIII. LIEUTENANT HJALMAR'S LETTER.

"DEAR ANNETTE—For the first, the last time, permit me to call you so—my beloved. Yes, even now, I truly, deeply love you. But I write, not to ask you to return my love, not to ask you to be my own—my wife. That I can never do. Yet it may console you to know, that one heart has beat for you alone with emotions such as those which now almost overpower my purpose. Annette, I love you, passionately, love you; but I love others also. I love and reverence the parents who watched over my childhood, who made my boyhood happy, who taught me to supply the means of improvement and advancement in my youth, who rejoice with honest pride over the prospects of my manhood. These parents, Annette, are humble, hard-working, but independent peasants. Education and circumstances have raised me above them in the world's estimation, but not in my own; yet I also feel they have made a distinction between me and I feel—perhaps I should blush to say it—that good, estimable, worthy of love as she is, I could not choose for my wife a woman so plain, so unaccomplished, as is my own mother. I own this; yet I truly honor and love my mother; and were I to marry the most refined, the most charming of women, who could not do so likewise. How often have I gazed on you, Annette, when this thought has been in my mind, when I have been asking myself, could she despise my homely, humble parents? Would she feel ashamed of her husband's being a peasant's son? Ah, Annette, if such were your disposition, all your beauty, all your charms, even that simplicity which at times—times only—was apparent, and had so much fascination for me—all, all would be vain. Yes, so have I been thinking, when you have raised those pretty eyes, and I have seen that you felt the earnestness of my regards, and were perplexed by it. And when you have looked up to me, I have forgotten all but my love. Again we have met; and some proof of vanity, love of the world, and of its opinions and fashions, awoke my slumbering fears. At last love became too strong for silence, but too late for fear. I then resolved to trust in your

sincerity, to speak to you of my own position, and to confide in the integrity of your nature, when, as I hoped, you should reveal to me something of your own heart in return. The moment for this confidence offered itself at one time when I was most of my mind. You know, however, how I was interrupted; but you never knew till now my motive in seeking it. It was not to declare my love; not to solicit yours; not to ask you to be my wife; but to let you know that I was a peasant's son, and could only seek the love of one who would not scorn to be a peasant's daughter.

"Was it not well for us both, Annette, that confidence was interrupted? Subsequent events proved how unnecessary it was—proved how loath you would be to be the wife of a peasant's son. When I heard that you, too, were a peasant's daughter, I rejoiced, for I thought our parents were equals. But I soon found—pardon me, still too dear Annette, it is with pain to myself I write the words—I found you denied, were ashamed of your own parents, despised your own mother! And I had hoped—blinded as I was by love—that you would honor, love, respect mine, even as I do myself.

"Now, then, still beloved girl, it only remains for me to bid you an everlasting farewell. I have promised myself never voluntarily to see you again; but I can promise you to think of you, often, to pray for your good, and to desire truly and fervently, that you may make another man happier than I am now at last persuaded, you could have made me.

The lead had sunk deep, very deep; its weight was well-nigh insupportable in the heart of the poor soldier. The furnace was ready.

Hjalmar received two lines in return for his long letter. They were these—

"Only by one word you wrong me. That word is 'despised.' I have not 'despised' my mother."

"Anna!" said Hjalmar to himself, as, in spite of all his resolutions, he kissed the billet; "her name is Annette."

IX. TWO YEARS AFTER.

Two more years have passed. Two years can bring a good many changes—these two as well as any others. One or two of the changes we shall now mention. The first is a military one.

The successor of sainted Weinberg, as captain of a land-regiment, is now a sainted somebody else to another mourning widow; and his official place is supplied by Lieutenant Hjalmar, who has for some two or three months been in possession of the "Kapten's Boställe" in the same northern district. In Sweden, there is a sort of standing militia kept up, the soldiers and officers of which have land and houses for their pay—they unite the offices of farmers and soldiers. The navy also is supplied in the same way; and the men, who are liable at any time to be called on to serve in it, have their allotted dwellings on the coasts. A captain's boställe, or farm-house, is an object of no small ambition to an under-officer.

A man so young as Hjalmar still was, might account himself peculiarly fortunate in attaining such a snug position. We shall look in at him now, and see what he is about in the Kapten's boställe. He is, at the present writing, sitting in the porch before his door, after dinner, engaged—withstanding his many virtues, we must confess it—in smoking. But no man is perfect. Kapten Hjalmar's eyes are so so intensely fixed on the vacant seat of the porch opposite to him, that one might imagine he is meditating the practicability of having a *cassius* in his delightful occupation; but men do look so uninteresting when they are puffing smoke in each other's faces—as the Swedes do with such polite complacency—that I own I would rather see the other seat of that pretty porch occupied by some one who would prohibit the practice altogether. Whether the solitary Kapten knows what passes in his observer's thoughts or not, he appears to act somewhat in accordance with those thoughts; he rises, throws away the half-smoked cigar, as if resolving never to smoke another; the movement is so energetic, that he must be taking a resolution; and he goes into his house, calls the active young woman who, with her husband, forms his sole establishment—and telling her he is going northward to hunt, and will not be home for some days, slings a knapsack over his shoulder, takes his stick in his hand, and sets out towards the distant mountains, whose heads rise above the dark foreground of forest lying between them and him.

Captain Hjalmar is by no means a flighty or inconsiderate person; he said he was going to hunt; a horse is not required for that in Sweden, but a gun or dogs usually are, and Hjalmar has neither. In fact, a letter, which the Stockholm post brought him two hours previously, appeared to be more a necessary accompaniment to his hunting expedition than either of these; it was a mere lengthy scrawl from a brother officer, who sent him the gossip of the capital to amuse his solitude. A Swede seldom thinks of riding except for a half-hour's gallop, just to tire a horse, and bring him in again. It answered the captain's purpose to go on foot, rather than to take his gig; but it was a tedious walk, more especially as, towards the close of the following day, a torrent of rain commenced. Even- ing had drawn on when he emerged from the gloom of the monotonous fir-forest, close to the banks of a pretty lake. On the opposite side stood a comfortable-looking red wooden house, at the back and one side of which were seen all the evidences of a tolerably thriving farm. The fire had just been kindled to dress the evening meal; the large logs crackled and sparkled on the open hearth, their blue smoke rose in the window, and through the open door, cooled and lighting the air to the wet and weary pedestrian, who came slowly over the soft grass that lay between the house and lake. In this region, during summer-time, the words spoken of a better land may apply: "There is no night there." The light is not like that of the sun, nor yet of the moon; it is something between both—a light of poetry and dreaminess. But this evening a torrent of rain drew the mountain mists into the pretty vale, and the unusual glow without rendered the interior of the red wooden house more distinct, lighted up as it was by the blazing logs on the elevated brick hearth, while it concealed the person of the spy who, with the top of his stick pressed hard on his lips, stood seemingly breathless at the porch.

He saw the kitchen was occupied only by two women—an old and a young one. The first was preparing the supper; the girl was sitting at the spinning-wheel—an implement which, banished from other lands, finds refuge and employment in almost every Swedish home; the small hands and little feet were busily at work; but the pleasant hum stopped, and, looking towards the old woman as she bent over the hearth, the girl replied to what had been said: "Yes, mother, it was hard, very hard at first, for you as I was not used to it; I had forgotten all the old ways, and I had learned a heap of things, and a great many habits, that were just of no use here; and then, as you know, I must know some more things; and perhaps I was a little dull, and seemed not quite as if I were at home here—but that goes better now."

"Boställe—that is, that is the house and land allotted by government."

"My heart's child!" said the mother, "thou hast always been good and kind, and clever too, and going or staying, thou shalt have thy mother's blessing."

"But, mother, now that Anders is married, thou wilt not live here longer I think. Thou wilt come with me, mother, where I can do more than I can do here; I will work for thee then, and thou shalt rest."

"Ah, child dear, I think thee—heartily do I thank thee; but see now, my girl, how this is it—Your sainted father brought me here when we were first married; he was a good man to me, and a good father too. He died here, dear, and was buried not so very far off, in the parish churchyard. Now, if our Lord so please, I will die here too, and will be buried with him, where he lies in our church-yard—and so will I therefore live out my days here also."

"Then I will stay here too, mother—stay till God takes you to heaven," said the girl, and bent her head on the spindle, pressing her cheek on its hard surface, perhaps to wipe off a tear.

"Go, peace!" said a rather husky voice, entering the door, with a salutation not yet quite out of fashion among the countryfolk of Sweden.

The old woman looked up to return it, and utter the customary word to the guest: "Be welcome." But the young one uttered a low cry, sprang forward, and Hjalmar's arms caught her to his breast. There were no questions asked, no explanations given; the kiss he pressed on her forehead told her all—she was beloved, forgiven, happy. To find her there was enough for him.

And wet, dripping wet, ran in Anders and his red-checked bride from their out-of-door employments, shaking their clothes, laughing, and complaining.

"But who have we here! Good-evening, good-evening; be welcome. But—now well! it is not our new Kapten from Björkå!"

"Kapten!" said Anna, opening her eyes and looking at Hjalmar.

"Yes, and neighbor also, my beloved," he replied.

Anders stared amazingly at hearing the new Kapten apply the last word to his sister; he pulled his whiskers, looked odd, and ejaculated that all-signifying Swedish word "Jäm!" and then sat down to supper.

There is a good deal of room in a peasant-farmer's wooden house; but Anna slept that night by her mother's side, and the new Kapten from Björkå slept well and soundly in her next little chamber. When he left it at an early hour next morning, he found her in the kitchen preparing the coffee; and his active wife had already been two hours abroad without that customary morning-cup.

"How early thou art out!" she said; "mother would have taken thee in coffee just now."

"Thou wilt give it to me myself, my Annette, and then we will walk together."

"My name is Anna, Hjalmar; I was baptised by that name; and now I am here again, I am also Anna again."

"Ah! that name stands here," he said, drawing out her two-line billet, which he had received more than two years before. "How often have I read these words, Anna!"—and he traced with his fingers the line, "I have not despised my mother!"—and each time reported of the promise I had made, never voluntarily to see thee again. Yet I would have kept that promise if I had not learned, only two days since, that thou wert no longer with the Accountant Miller. How whispered the truth, and I came to seek thee here."

The girl bent down her head; a tear fell on her cheek; it was kissed away.

"We will never talk of this again, Anna—never. Come, love, let us go out; see how charmingly beautiful it is out there!"

Anna tied the peasant girl's simple handkerchief over her head, and drew on her gloves. How pretty she looked with the soft black silk resting at the sides of her fair face—the bright glossy hair folded back so smoothly beneath it!

"Where are your curls, Anna?" Hjalmar asked, as they went out. "This pretty hair used to be all curls."

"Curly would become Jaeris' daughter," she replied, with something between a smile and a sigh.

"But you must wear curls, dearest! I used to like these pretty curls so much!" And a Kapten's, you know, need not be quite a peasant's girl. The grave, earnest Hjalmar looked so smiling and so happy when he said this! But Anna blushed deeply. It was the first time that their marriage had been ever alluded to. The blush was understood. "Do you know, Anna, what was the first thought that came into my head this morning? Well, I must confess it. I thought how dull it was that I had never yet asked you to be my wife; that you had never consented; and it would be curious to be married without all that! I do not believe I ever yet asked if you loved me; I am sure you never yet told me you did."

Smiles dimpled her cheek, as, glancing for an instant up to his face, she asked in reply: "Was it necessary, Hjalmar?"

Then Hjalmar told his companion how that letter from Stockholm, which he had carried with him from his story, pretty Miss Miller, who, after a serious illness, had disappeared from the capital, and never returned for the space of nearly two years, although the good Accountant persisted in saying, she had only gone to see some friends in Norland, and would return at the end of that time.

And Anna told Hjalmar how, in that fearful illness, the first she had ever had, the consent of her father-parents had been given to her returning for some time to her old and real home; but only on condition that when she came back to them—if she chose to come back—she should have no parents but themselves; she must have no more scenes with "the mother from Norland."

They loved Annette truly and fondly; they could not bear to think of finally parting with her; but the truth was, that the house of the worthy couple had lately witnessed more excitement and commotion than suited their unromantic and steady-going lives. They attributed all this, from beginning to end, to the mother from Norland; for they fancied the lieutenant had broken off with their Annette in consequence of Kapten's Weinberg's intermeddling. Anna, believing that Hjalmar's letter was confidential, had never spoken of him more. To put an end to all this, they agreed that she should visit the old home, quite convinced that she would not remain there so long as she now thought. They thought it as well for her to be out of Stockholm, and freed from the unpleasantness of meeting Hjalmar at that time; and in the firm belief that she would find the Norland new-settler's house and life quite insupportable to her, they extended their liberty, and agreed that she might remain there, if she wished, even for the space of two years; provided that at the end of that term, her decision should be finally made, and she should choose, for once and forever, whose she would be. She told him, moreover, how hard she had found it at first to reconcile herself to family manners and modes of life; how dreary

ly her time had passed; how irksome her duty was. But how Anders, the good, rough brother, who was the good-natured torment of her childhood, and the dread of her fine-lady life—Anders, who had called her the silver spoon, had been the one who contrived, without rubbing off the silvering, to get the lead out of her very heart. He smoothed her way; he considered her in all things; he submitted without his (defendant's) coming along the highway, as an inducement for him to quit, hauled a few stones at him, one of which, as the complainant testified, struck him on the back of his neck. The testimony being concluded, the defendant addressed the Jury as follows:

Gentlemen of the Jury—I don't know much about law, and since this trial has been going on, I have concluded that I ought to know a little more. I ought to apologise perhaps for appearing in my own defence, and will do so by telling you that I feel one lawyer, and hired another, in this case, but they both come up missing when I need them most. I suppose I might have secured the services of some of these other "limbs of the law," that I see around me, but having been cheated by two of 'em I concluded to go on my own hook, so here I am! I want to tell you gentlemen, before I go further, that it is not my fault that this case is here taking up the time of this honorable court. I think you will give me credit for telling the truth, when I say that it ought to have been tried before a Justice of the Peace, it being better adapted to the capacities of such a court than of this one. After this difficulty, Dodder did get a warrant for me from Squire Jim Cuddeback, and in Deerpark. He then charged that I had insulted him, but five or six months has freshened his recollection, and he now says that I assaulted and battered him. I believe there is some difference between the two charges.

Dodder says he swore to the complaint before Squire Cuddeback, and I leave it for you to say whether he tells the truth now in saying that I battered him. I was taken by a constable before the Squire, and either because the Justice was ashamed of what he had already done, or hadn't time to attend to it, I don't know which, I went down. Two or three weeks after that I was arrested again, and my wife having been confined, I thought it best, as a dutiful husband, to be around him, so I got rid of it by giving security for my appearance to Court.

You know, gentlemen, that I am in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forreburgh and Port Jervis Plank Road Company, as a gate-keeper. This company it seems had sufficient confidence in my integrity and honesty to place me in that important station, and even if I should receive \$3,000 and steal \$1,500 of it, that's between me and the company, and it's none of Dodder's business. Now when the company sent me up along this road to collect tolls, this Dodder was one of the inhabitants I found here in the woods, and I will say for him that he is a very fair specimen of the rest of the population. But there isn't any of them that seem to appreciate all the benefits of this Plank Road.

It let out to civilization a class of people who never before realized the idea that there was such a thing as civilized life, and this Dodder is one of them. It is a fact that soon after I moved there a young woman, 17 years old, came down out of the mountains on the Plank Road, one day, and said she had never been out before. She fairly seemed surprised to see a white man, and after asking a few questions, went back into the woods. This Dodder was my nearest neighbor, and a good deal nearer than I wanted him; and I hadn't been there long, before I heard that he had been lying about me to the interest of all persons interested in the Plank Road. He then charged that I had insulted him, but five or six months has freshened his recollection, and he now says that I assaulted and battered him. I believe there is some difference between the two charges.

I won't take long to dispose of Dodder No. 2. He testifies that he saw me throw three stones at his father, and "saw the old man dodge." On his cross-examination he says that he was in his own house in the woods, and had to look over a hill twenty feet high, and also over three tall fences and two stone walls. Well, if he tells the truth, all I wish is, that I had young Dodder's eyes. He is certainly a remarkable boy and can't consistently deny his father."

I am willing to admit that I done wrong to throw stones at Dodder, and I apologise to all the world and this country particularly for it. The Doctors tell us that there are two causes for all diseases, predisposition and excitability. I think it was the latter cause that moved me to stone Dodder. I therefore confess myself guilty of the assault, but the battery I deny; and if you find me guilty of the battery, I will appeal from the decision of the Court of high Heaven itself, before I will submit to it.

Now gentlemen, you saw Mr. Dodder and heard him swear against me. I asked him a great many questions, and I was sorry to hear what he said—he didn't have asked him if he didn't kill my cat, and if he didn't stone my chickens, because they trespassed in his woods, where actually the rocks are so thick that the brakes can't find their way up through them; but then I know that he would deny it, and I would give me to hear him. He admits that he was driving my three cows up the road, and that he struck at one of 'em, but says that it was with a small switch. I have proved that this switch was a pole about 10 feet long and about 3 inches across the butt end, and I have also proved that when he struck the cow fell. It is true my witness couldn't swear that the stick hit her, he was so far off, but take the blow and fall together, and we can guess the rest. If you gentlemen should see me point a gun at a man and pull the trigger, see the flash and hear the report, and at the same time see the man drop, I think you would say that I shot him, although you might not see the ball strike him.

Now, the fact is, gentlemen, that on Sunday, I was lying on my lounge in my house, when my wife said to me that Dodder was chasing my cows. I jumped up and pulled on my boots, and went out of doors, and saw Dodder and the cows coming up the road. It is true he says he was driving them, but says he and the cows were both going along the road in one direction, and this was as near as I could get him to the cows or to the truth; but it is proved that the cows were going along ahead of him, and he was following after them, striking at them, with this little switch, 10 feet long and three inches across the butt, and I reckon you'll think he was "driving" them. I sung out to him, "Dodder, stop!" but he didn't obey my order, and I just threw a stone in that direction, which went about 10 feet over his head, at the same time going toward him, while he was coming toward me. He paid no attention, and I sung out again, "Dodder, stop!" still he didn't stop, and I threw the third stone, which he says hit him on the back of the neck, but which I think is rather strange, as we were going toward each other as fast as we could go. But he never slowed up, and by this time we were within about eight feet of each other. I halted and hollered at the top of my voice, "Dodder why in—don't you stop." At this time he

EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.

SELF DEFENCE VICTORIES—Dodder vs. Allerton.

THE PEOPLE vs. JAMES ALLESTON. This was a very interesting case, rendered so from the fact that the defendant acted as "his own lawyer" on the trial, without having the advantage of the legal fraternity. His "summing up," of which we are able to give nearly a verbatim report, with the exception of the "acting," was decidedly rich, and afforded much amusement for the legal gentlemen present. The defendant, who is a small, red-haired, thin specimen of a Yankee, was indicted for assault and bat-

tery on one Mr. Dodder. The facts, as divulged upon trial, are briefly as follows:—The defendant is in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forreburgh and Port Jervis Plank Road Company, as a toll-gatherer, and resided upon the road, some miles above Port Jervis. He and the complainant, Mr. Dodder, are near neighbors. On a Sunday in February last, the defendant saw the complainant in the act of beating his (defendant's) cows along the highway, as an inducement for him to quit, hauled a few stones at him, one of which, as the complainant testified, struck him on the back of his neck. The testimony being concluded, the defendant addressed the Jury as follows:

Gentlemen of the Jury—I don't know much about law, and since this trial has been going on, I have concluded that I ought to know a little more. I ought to apologise perhaps for appearing in my own defence, and will do so by telling you that I feel one lawyer, and hired another, in this case, but they both come up missing when I need them most. I suppose I might have secured the services of some of these other "limbs of the law," that I see around me, but having been cheated by two of 'em I concluded to go on my own hook, so here I am! I want to tell you gentlemen, before I go further, that it is not my fault that this case is here taking up the time of this honorable court. I think you will give me credit for telling the truth, when I say that it ought to have been tried before a Justice of the Peace, it being better adapted to the capacities of such a court than of this one. After this difficulty, Dodder did get a warrant for me from Squire Jim Cuddeback, and in Deerpark. He then charged that I had insulted him, but five or six months has freshened his recollection, and he now says that I assaulted and battered him. I believe there is some difference between the two charges.

Dodder says he swore to the complaint before Squire Cuddeback, and I leave it for you to say whether he tells the truth now in saying that I battered him. I was taken by a constable before the Squire, and either because the Justice was ashamed of what he had already done, or hadn't time to attend to it, I don't know which, I went down. Two or three weeks after that I was arrested again, and my wife having been confined, I thought it best, as a dutiful husband, to be around him, so I got rid of it by giving security for my appearance to Court.

You know, gentlemen, that I am in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forreburgh and Port Jervis Plank Road Company, as a gate-keeper. This company it seems had sufficient confidence in my integrity and honesty to place me in that important station, and even if I should receive \$3,000 and steal \$1,500 of it, that's between me and the company, and it's none of Dodder's business. Now when the company sent me up along this road to collect tolls, this Dodder was one of the inhabitants I found here in the woods, and I will say for him that he is a very fair specimen of the rest of the population. But there isn't any of them that seem to appreciate all the benefits of this Plank Road.

It let out to civilization a class of people who never before realized the idea that there was such a thing as civilized life, and this Dodder is one of them. It is a fact that soon after I moved there a young woman, 17 years old, came down out of the mountains on the Plank Road, one day, and said she had never been out before. She fairly seemed surprised to see a white man, and after asking a few questions, went back into the woods. This Dodder was my nearest neighbor, and a good deal nearer than I wanted him; and I hadn't been there long, before I heard that he had been lying about me to the interest of all persons interested in the Plank Road. He then charged that I had insulted him, but five or six months has freshened his recollection, and he now says that I assaulted and battered him. I believe there is some difference between the two charges.

I won't take long to dispose of Dodder No. 2. He testifies that he saw me throw three stones at his father, and "saw the old man dodge." On his cross-examination he says that he was in his own house in the woods, and had to look over a hill twenty feet high, and also over three tall fences and two stone walls. Well, if he tells the truth, all I wish is, that I had young Dodder's eyes. He is certainly a remarkable boy and can't consistently deny his father."

I am willing to admit that I done wrong to throw stones at Dodder, and I apologise to all the world and this country particularly for it. The Doctors tell us that there are two causes for all diseases, predisposition and excitability. I think it was the latter cause that moved me to stone Dodder. I therefore confess myself guilty of the assault, but the battery I deny; and if you find me guilty of the battery, I will appeal from the decision of the Court of high Heaven itself, before I will submit to it.

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Now, gentlemen, if you consult me, this Court can fine me \$250 and jug me for six months, and if you really think I ought to be convicted of this assault, say so, for I am in favor of living up to the laws, as long as they are laws, whether it is the Fugitive Slave Law, the Nebraska bill, or the Excise laws. I will read you a little law however, which I have just seen in a book I found here—(the speaker here picked up a law book and read as follows:—"Every man has a right to defend himself from personal violence." Now I don't know whether that is law or not, but I find it in a law book, (a veteran member of the bar, who was sitting near the speaker, remarked to him that it was a good law.) Well, gentlemen, here is an old man, who looks as if he might know something, and he says that this is a good law. Now if you will turn to Barbour something, the same doctrine is applied to cattle—(great laughter.) Therefore I take it, I had a right to defend my cows against Dodder's ten foot switch. Why, gentlemen, nearly all my wealth is invested in them three cows, and you can't wonder that I became a little excited when I saw Dodder switching them with his ten foot pole. I am a poor man, and have a large family, consisting of a wife and six children, which I reckon is doing pretty well for an small man as I am, and I could not afford to let Dodder kill my cows!

Now, gentlemen, I don't believe you'll convict me, after what I've said. But if you do, and this Court fines me \$250, I shall "repudiate" because I can't pay. And if I'm juggled for six months why these Dodders will have it all their own way up there. But notwithstanding all this, I am willing to risk myself in your hands, and if you think I ought to have stood by and not done anything, when I saw Dodder hammering my cows, why then I am "gone in," toll gate and